

The Yazoo Democrat.

S. S. CALHOON & CO., Publishers.

FOR THE SOUTH.

TERMS—Three Dollars per annum, in advance.

VOLUME I.

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

NUMBER 7.

Professional Cards.

D. W. SANDERS,
Attorney at Law
LEXINGTON, HOLMES COUNTY,
Mississippi.
September 11th, 1858.

HAMER & HENDERSON,
Attorneys at Law
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison, and the Superior Courts held at Jackson.
Sept. 1, 1858.

BURRUS & ARMISTEAD,
Attorneys at Law.
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
Sept. 1, 1858.

W. S. EPPERSON,
Attorney at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.
And Commissioner for Louisiana.
WILL practice in the Courts of Yazoo, and the other counties composing the Fifth Judicial District, and the Courts at Jackson.
Office near the Court House.
September 1, 1858.

J. T. RUSSELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Yazoo City, Miss.
WILL practice in the Courts of Yazoo and adjoining counties and the Superior Court at Jackson. Collections promptly attended to.
Sept. 1, 1858.

H. S. G. PERKINS,
Attorney at Law,
Yazoo City, Mississippi.
WILL practice in the Circuit Courts of Leake, Attala and Holmes counties, the several Courts in Yazoo County, and the Court held at Jackson.
Sept. 1, 1858.

BROOKE & SMEDS,
Attorneys at Law, Vicksburg, Miss.
WILL continue to practice their profession in the Circuit, Chancery and Probate Courts of Warren county, at Vicksburg, Washington county, at Greenville; Bolivar county, at Wellington; Issaquena county, at Tallula, and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Jackson.
Sept. 1, 1858.

BANKS & HARRIS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Land and Collecting Agents,
QUITMAN, WOOD COUNTY, TEXAS.

THE above have so arranged as to be enabled to locate Lands, investigate Land titles and collect claims in any portion of Texas. Will also purchase land certificates for Texas land.
All land certificates, bounty warrants, or any other kind of claim for money or land, against the State of Texas have to be presented to the proper Court for registry, by the first day of September, A. D. 1858, or else they will be null and void. We will present claims for those who desire and attend to their approval.
September 1, 1858.

DR. A. F. MAGRUDER,
HAVING located permanently, professional services to the citizens of Yazoo City and the adjacent country.
Office, the front room over Taylor's Store.
October 1—19-3m.

DR. J. H. WILSON,
OFFERS his services to the citizens of Yazoo City and vicinity.
Office at P. B. Cook & Co's Drug Store. He can be found at night at the residence of Mrs. Cardine.
Sept. 1, 1858.

DRS. HOLMES & YANDELL,
HAVE associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, and respectfully tender their services to the citizens of Benton and surrounding country.
Benton, Miss., Sept. 1, 1858.

HENRY LAURENCE,
DENTIST,
Office on Main Street, Yazoo City.

DR. LEAKE & BARNETT, Yazoo City.
E. Townsend, M. D., Philadelphia.
J. B. McClellan, M. D., New Orleans.
G. W. Smith, Dentist, New Orleans.
F. H. Knapp, Mobile.
J. C. Nott, M. D., Yazoo City, September 1, 1858.

CARSON ERWIN,
SURVEYOR & GENERAL LAND AGENT.
WILL pay particular attention to the Surveying, Examination and Location of Land in Leake, Sunflower and adjoining counties, and the counties of Crittenden and Mississippi in Arkansas.
Will act as general land agent for paying taxes, redeeming lands from tax sale, and for buying and selling all lands in the above named counties.
Special attention given to making out correct Maps of Lands.
Business letters addressed to the care of W. J. Barrett, Yazoo City, will receive prompt attention.
Sept. 1, 1858.

PETER B. COOK & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
Paints, Oils and Glass, Garden Seeds, &c.
Yazoo City, Sept. 1, 1858.

Lighting Rods, Pumps & Gutters.
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish and put up in the best manner, and at short notice, Lightning Rods, Gutters and Pumps of all kinds.
Any orders left at Harrison & Hyatt's, or at the Telegraph Office, will be promptly attended to.
September 18, 1858.

Poetry.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

BY SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treats the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay.
Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below:
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
When fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoiced,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extended!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded rolled along:
And now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more.

Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
We wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice through the way!
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakespeare no more, thy adieu son,
Nor all the arts of Addison,
Pope's heaven-stung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self, must please;
Instead of these a formal band,
In furs and coils, around me stand:
With sounds unsoft and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony.
Each redant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
I justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like Eastern queens, is more admired.

Oh, let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united bond of many an age;
Where mixed yet uniform appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.

In that pure spring the bottom view,
Gleam, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Thou jerk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
We come the cares, the thorns of life,
The venge war, the pore-blind sight,
The toll by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the full debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair justice, welcome all!

Thus, though my noon of life be pass'd,
Yet, let my setting sun, at last,
Find out thee still the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homely bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Unstained by the guilty bribe,
Unseem'd amid the happy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

LULU.
If naughty woman still betray,
Why should we pine?
If woman's deed's bells her say,
Why should we whine?
'Twas ever so, and so 'twill be—
Eve ruined Adam, Lulu me—
Shall I repine?

Not I! I'll in the fog forget
Her fickle heart;
I'll quaff, and chant my canzonet,
Nor heed my smart.
Oh, bless the wine! it kills all pain!
Oh, glorious wine! I'll drink again!
Lulu, we part!

WOMAN.
Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell;
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well—
As large, as languishingly dark—
But soul beamed forth in every spark.
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giampschid.
Yea, soul, and should our prophet say
That form was fraught but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay.
[Byron.]

A BORE.

I and Smyler one night stepped into a quiet hotel to read the news. (The reader is perfectly correct—we also ordered two glasses of lager to come with the paper.) I was in the midst of an interesting and rather abstruse article, when a filigree and selfish, overbearing looking person alongside me, and who appeared in deep thought—probably on the means to be adopted to get poor devils to work an hour longer daily, at lower wages—began nervously to flit a stiff tooth-pick. The "flap, flap, flap" coming so suddenly upon my ear, for a moment destroyed the thread of the argument. I started, looked round at him, and resumed. "Flap! flap! flap!" he went at it again. Again I stared at him a little harder. A nervous looking gentleman in the opposite corner eyed him too. And then I endeavored to pick up my subject again.

"Flap! flap!"
"Damn the fellow!" I muttered, and caught a strange gleam in the corner of Smyler's eye.
For two or three minutes the annoyance continued, and I began to think it best to quietly proceed to some other house, when after a most energetic "Flap! flap! flap!" from my neighbor—

"Hat! hat! hat!" was echoed by Smyler's boot heel on the floor.

I got a glimmer of Smyler's intentions. "Flap!"
"Hat!"
A silence for nearly a minute, and then—

"Flap! flap!" instantly followed.
"Flap! flap! flap! flap! flap!" went tooth-pick shortly afterwards.

"Hat! hat! hat! hat! hat!" came energetically from Smyler's boot.

The proprietor of the dental assuager looked fierce—got red in the face as "Flap! flap! flap! flap! flap!" was produced by the application of four finger nails on the table in the opposite corner.

T. P. looked disgusted, and with an important air called for a bottle of wine, which he proceeded to drink in a leisurely grandeur. On the strength of the impression which he imagined such an outlay in that fifth-rate place must have naturally produced, he thought he'd try it on again.

"Flap! flap!"
Three sharp whistles, which had evidently been practised in old Bowery, were the leading accompaniment, from a saucy looking fellow in his shirt sleeves, and who had caught up the joke.

"Hat! hat! hat!"
"Bow! wow! wow!" from another now volunteer, a very particular friend of Smyler's. "What do you mean?" fiercely demanded T. P., eyeing Smyler, who was the least of the party, saucily.

"Hat! hat! hat!"
"Bow! wow! wow!"
"Hat! hat! hat!"
"Can't I fire my tooth pick, if I like?" ferociously demanded the port wine patronizer.

"Certainly," blandly replied Smyler; "and you of course cannot possibly object to my employing my foot thus:"

"Hat! hat! hat!"
"Or I may hands thus: tap! tap! tap!" issued from the opposite corner.

"Or I may mouth," dexterously exemplified by him from the Bowery.

"Hi! hi! hi!" and "Bow! wow! wow!" completed the argument.

The upshot was that as he had commenced the annoyance of a whole company for his own peculiar gratification, we continued to persecute him for our especial amusement, till, fairly boiling over with outraged dignity, he paid for his half-finished wine, and bounced out of the room amid a fearfully original chorus.

Every man carries a moral tooth pick. The wise know how to use it; the selfish get taught sooner or later.

A HAY FIELD ANECDOTE.—An old gentleman who was always bragging how followed to work in his younger days, one time challenged his two sons together to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted, and the hay wagon driven around, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out tauntingly, "More hay! more hay!"

Thicker and faster it came. The old man was nearly covered; still he kept crying, "more hay! more hay!" and, struggling to keep on the top of the disordered and ill arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it.

From the N. O. Picayune.

PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

The most notable event of modern history says some late writer, was the introduction of Russia among the powers of Europe.

But far less remarkable was it recognized by other nations in continental politics, than the progress which it has since made in all that constitutes the greatness of a people.

Success has marked its career for two hundred years. No sooner had its struggles with Lithuanians and Tartars ceased, and it emerged from the obscure cloud in which it had been, up to that period, enveloped than it began to be felt by all the Western States. The conquest of the Azof, the overthrow of the Swedish monarch on the field of Poltava, the bloody wars with Turkey leading on the triumph of Oczakow, of Ismail, and of Adrianople—the seizure of Georgia, the acquisition of Wallachia and Moldavia, the partition of Poland, the subjugation of Lithuania and Finland, and that brilliant campaign, terminating in the occupation of the Caucasus, have stamped its policy in indelible characters on the history of the world.

Every continental conflict has led to an extension of territory, and added to its trophies, and it now stretches its empire far over the Caucasus, sweeps down to the foot of Mount Ararat, and begins to look out from the east of Asia upon the Pacific.

From the time of Peter the Great, it has not need of step, made no modification of its early policy. Steadily, under successive rulers, it has advanced; as with a single purpose, bringing the wild tribes of the great Asiatic plateau under its control, pushing its son born boundary towards the Danube, building fleets and disciplining armies, opening communications between distant provinces, and developing its vast resources of the field, the forest and the mine.

A war with the combined forces of the West neither brought exhaustion nor weakness. While England and France, amid the blaze of burning Chinese villages, slowly made their way to an audience of the Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom, Russia quietly annexes the fertile region between the Jablonoi Mountains and the Amoor, and placing its outpost within three days' march of Peking, is enabled to whisper its mandates in the very ear of the Chinese Court.

The whole of this gigantic empire now exhibits the most energetic activity. Railroads, on a scale of magnitude equal to that required to connect the Mississippi and the Pacific, radiate from the Baltic, the Black, the Caspian, and the Pacific seas, as unimpeded in strength and magnitude; canals connecting navigable streams in all parts of the nation; architectural adornments of its principal cities that have not been excelled since the Caesars wielding the tribute of the world for the embellishment of Rome; and, at the same time, the working out of a social problem that would have convulsed any other people with revolution, are a few of the signs of its present vigor and its astonishing progress.

The wilds of Siberia regarded by the outside world as an icy solitude where the merciless despotism of the Czar inflicts unheard of cruelties on his refractory subjects, has lately given up some of its secrets; and men are astonished to learn that it is the cradle of much civilization, of well constituted government, of enterprise, and of individual prosperity; that its mountains are ribbed with precious metals, and its plains inexhaustible in fertility; that, in the far interior, on the waters of the Baikal and the borders of the Chinese Empire, are extensive factories for the manufacture of arms and gunpowder, of linens and woollens, and yards for the building of ships, and schools where even the English language is taught; that the telegraph sends its swift message from the far East to St. Petersburg, so that for weeks before news is heard in Parliament House from China, what the Czar is willing to communicate, is flashed from his capital to London.

He who reads the record of the past, and knows the indomitable energy of the Russ, will acknowledge that this nation cannot long be shut out from the Pacific. Sixty miles south of her newly acquired Asiatic boundary, lies one of the finest ports in the world. This Russia will soon occupy, in spite of English and French diplomacy or armed intervention, and a commerce, rich beyond present conception, will be developed in the Pacific, from the opening of the valleys of the Amoor and the terraces of China and of Japan.

The possession of San Francisco by the United States gave the first impulse to Pacific trade. The appearance of Russia as a great naval and commercial power, through the Channel of Tartary and the Japan Sea, will make her prophesy of Hertz, that between the shores of Asia and North America the ocean would be long teeming with the merchant ships of the world, a splendid reality.

The intimacies with which the London Times acknowledged the receipt of Chinese news through St. Petersburg, and its pretended surprise scarcely concealing its indignation, on learning the dangerous advantages acquired by the near approach of Russian influence to the capital of that multitudinous people, indicates that a vision of the future of Russia, as unexpected as unwelcome, has been revealed. It finds the giant of the North, no less now than years ago, marching onward, as with the solemn tread of destiny, to the accomplishment of its great mission.

The extension of Russia dominion over the valleys of the moor will prove a great benefit to the United States. That Government has ever shown a spirit of good fellowship towards the American people. Our enterprise and commerce are invited to enter its territories. How rich a field is about to be opened that has hitherto been closed even to individual exploration, the brief memoir of Mr. Collin, on the resources, capacities and wealth of Eastern Siberia, has revealed.

The Russians, and the offshoots of the English race, are beginning to exert a most potent influence in the world. Despotism and freedom, antagonistic elements, yet happily adapted to the different theatres in which they operate, are rapidly extending their boundaries. This nations—representatives of these two elements—grow, while other peoples have reached their natural boundaries.

They are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no limit. The one is moving towards the Pacific, eastward, the other, westward, from the limit of the north temperate to the intertropical regions, towards the opposite shores of the same great ocean. Their starting points are different and their courses opposite, yet each seems destined by Providence to sway the destiny of half the globe.

When they stand face to face, and the interests of the one conflict with the other, what will be the result?

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OVERSEEING.

A correspondent of the Farmer & Planter writes as follows:

That there is a respectable minority of the farming class of the country engaged in overseeing, everybody knows. For a number of years I have been earnestly watching the condition and standing of overseers or agents, (being engaged in it myself,) and am astonished many times at seeing so much indifference prevailing for self-improvement. There are thousands, and indeed I might say millions, of the capital of the country employed in farming and planting, and most of it is directly or indirectly under the management of overseers or agents. This places them under responsibilities, and thus devolves on them a duty. Are we, as a class, capable of discharging those duties, or not? Are we capable of taking charge of this capital and managing it in such a manner that at the end of each year it will be in safe keeping, and pay a profitable interest? That there is need of improvement among overseers, is plain, and all who have their employers' interest and the interest and improvement of the country at heart, feel it. I think there is nothing that will add more to the agricultural improvement of our country than the general improvement of overseers, considering the position they occupy. How many an employer has seen and felt the incompetency of his overseer to manage his farm; and how many have lost a considerable per cent. on their capital, by an incompetent manager. I acknowledge that I am behind the times, and have great need of improvement. I think that all overseers should use every means within their reach to acquire a knowledge of their calling, which is extensive and varied. It is no trifling matter for an overseer to know something of the nature and condition of the soil on which he has to spend so much labor. It is important that he should know something of all kinds of stock, and their diseases; also, the nature and habits of the crops he attempts to grow, and the nature and disposition of the negro that he has to attend to so closely. These are all important items with an overseer, and yet within the range of my observation I see little else but disregard for all improvement. I have given the subject a great deal of study.

CONJUGIAL FELICITY.

Mr. Slang used to say "my horses, my boys." Mr. Slang now invariably says, "our horses, our boys," or "our farm." This substitution of "our" for "my," by Mr. Slang, was brought about thus:

Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang casually remarked, "I now intend to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang, "I say MY dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Slang."

"No, my dairy."

"No, our dairy, say OUR!" screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, MY dairy," vociferated the husband.

"Our dairy, our dairy," re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each "our" with a blow of the poker upon the back of the cowering spouse.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes. Slang remained under several minutes waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out of the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?"

"I'm looking, my dear," sniveled he, "to see anything of OURS."

The struggle was over. It was our horses, our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might wear our clean linen breeches to church.

LEAVES.—No manure is so well worth the saving in October and November, as the falling leaves of the season. According to Payen, they contain nearly three times as much nitrogen as ordinary barn-yard manure; and every gardener who has strewn and converted them in his trenches late in the fall or in December, must have noticed the next season how black and moist the soil is that adheres to the thrifty young beets he pulls! No vegetable substance yields its woody fibre and becomes soluble quicker than leaves, and from this very cause they are soon dried up, scattered by the winds and wasted if not gathered and trenched in or composted, before the advent of severe winter.

Few men are driven to desperation without having had themselves a hand in the driving.

Why is a weathercock like a loafer? Because it is constantly going round doing nothing.

THE SEPOYS.

The Sepoys all declare that their cause is, in their eyes, hopeless. The British have won the game, and as their own doom is death, they fight on simply to protract the evil hour. They have lost their military stores; their guns are gone, and wooden artillery is a poor substitute for brass; their fire-arms are diminishing. The only caps in Behar came from the Delhi arsenal, and are selling at 2rs. a hundred. Men armed only with sticks are told to look for no pay, and the instalments of wages are doled out with a jealousy which speaks of decreasing treasure and increasing distrust. Before the action at Arrah 2rs. were given out to each man, and soon after 1r. more. All, too, appear to dread excessively dispersion into little groups. They say that in their own villages they are sure to be caught and hung, while, at the same time, no idea of any grand exploit seems to occur to them. Their policy, such as it is, is to hold on to the jungle, "which nobody can cut," and there do nothing, or, if attacked, disperse and re-unite. If these are not the tactics against which Europeans are most successful, neither is this the mood which enables men to win in revolutions. Even despair gives to Sepoys no great resolve; it inspires them only with the courage of others, who, when the dogs have brought them to bay, die half hidden in their holes. We need only force and quiet, steady perseverance to bring this portion of the campaign to a close. The people, passive as they are, must assist in the end. They are suffering horribly already. Nine thousand of them have fled the land forever, and the wives and children are seeking an asylum in the depot of the emigrants to the Mauritius. Six thousand have sailed already, and the colony is willing to accept any number. The mass, however, cannot move, and they will not tolerate the insecurity and distress forever. A promise of pardon to every village which brought in fifty Sepoys, dead or alive, would even now let loose the country on the marauders. This is the scene, we imagine, presented over much of India. Large bands are roaming about hopeless, and without resource, dreading only dispersion as the certain precursor of a disgraceful death. The policy now is, if possible, to place between them and the villagers an irreconcilable hate.

[Friend of India.]

LOLA MONTES A PRINTER.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says:

Some of those wise men, the editors, have started a story that Lola Montes did not write those sparkling and piquant lectures which she delivered in various cities with such brilliant success. Lola Montes is a thoroughly cultivated and remarkably gifted woman, whatever her private faults may be, and to say that she is incapable of writing the lectures she delivers, is like absurd and mean. Give us the proof. The writer of this paragraph will make oath that on a upon a time he saw the dashing Countess take a composing stick, go to the case and with no copy before her, set up a sharp and racy communication, in which a certain editor was very handsomely used up. The only insurrection she had was applying the sticks. The incident happened in Cincinnati. Lola Montes not write! Tell this to the marines. She can set type, too.

MOR LAW.—The citizens of New Albany, Indiana county were called to witness a sad occurrence on the 6th inst. Two men, Newman, and T. J. Rice were engaged in a difficulty, when the former stabbed the latter, from the effects of which he died in a few minutes. Newman was taken in charge by a crowd, and it was thought that he would be imprisoned until trial. Next morning, however, the unfortunate man was found dead, hanging by the neck. Truly the citizens of Pontotoc are determined to vent summary vengeance upon murderers and desperadoes.—Savvy South.

EXCAVATIONS NEAR ROME.—Sir Charles Eastlake writes to the *Builder* on account of some important excavations which have been recently made in the neighborhood of Rome. Several interesting fragments have been thrown up, a portion of the old Roman road (Via Lavinia) uncovered, and a most interesting tomb, consisting of several chambers highly ornamented, containing sarcophagi, &c., has been discovered. The remains of an early Christian basilica have also been disclosed, and the general impression seems to be that what has hitherto been discovered only forms a small portion of a "pagan" or village, of which the most part still remains to be discovered.

"OH! WHAT A GROOM WAS THAT!"—Two countrymen, who bore the aspect of having been born and reared in the piny woods, entered on yesterday evening, one of our city churches. They went up into the gallery and took a seat in the immediate vicinity of the organ. The organist commenced using his skill on it, causing it to breathe out its sweet melodious sounds. Our friends in rapt amazement sat. Their eye-balls strained to their utmost tension, seemed as if they would start in horror from their sockets, whilst every hair on their heads assumed an independent and perpendicular position. The organist happening to strike a deep bass note, our friends, with fear depicted on their bleached countenances, in haste, made a bee line for the door. As they arrived at the door, one of them said to the other—"Good Lord, Sam, what a groom that was!"

The young lady who was buried in grief is now alive and doing well. It was only a case of premature interment.

A clergyman who lives on the sea shore says he prefers calm Sundays because he is pious to Sabbath breakers.